

# Puck

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PEFFER'S POPULISTIC BOOM.

# PUCK

## MY LADY SLEEPS.



WHEN DAY has gone to sleep  
I sit my window by  
To wait until the moon shall creep  
Into the cloud-swept sky;

And as she climbs the blue  
With stately steps and slow,  
She spies thy couch the window thro'  
And pauses, all aglow.

To marvel at the sight  
Of that enchanted place,—  
To borrow radiance from the light  
Of Sleeping Beauty's face.

'T is then the Gods, so kind,  
(Because they know I love thee,)  
Send out a breath of scented wind  
To sweep the sky above thee.

And when the air is clear  
I look once more, and there,  
Behold! I see thy features, Dear,  
Thy lustrous silken hair,

Upon her silver disk  
Reflected clear and bright;  
And after that no sleep I'll risk,  
But watch the moon all night.

Wm. Reginald Mackville.

## HENCE THE HITCH.

COBWIGGER.—I've fiddled away a week trying to get up a design for a home-made flower-stand for use in the *Ladies' Friend*.

TERWILLIGER.—That should n't be such a hard job.

COBWIGGER.—But you don't understand. The idea is to get up something that can be made entirely by a woman; so, it must n't have any nails in it.

## A CONVERSATION STIMULATOR.

BINKERTON.—How does Radstock come to get so many invitations for evening parties?

PILGARLIC.—Well, you know, a man who can stimulate the flow of conversation is always a welcome guest.

BINKERTON.—But Radstock is no talker.

PILGARLIC.—He does n't talk, himself—he sings.

## PREMONITION.

WILCOX.—Do you know, I am haunted constantly by the horrible thought of being buried alive? I even dream about it and awake in cold sweats of terror. I wonder if it means anything?

GIBBS.—Yes; I heard that your firm intended moving its headquarters to Philadelphia.

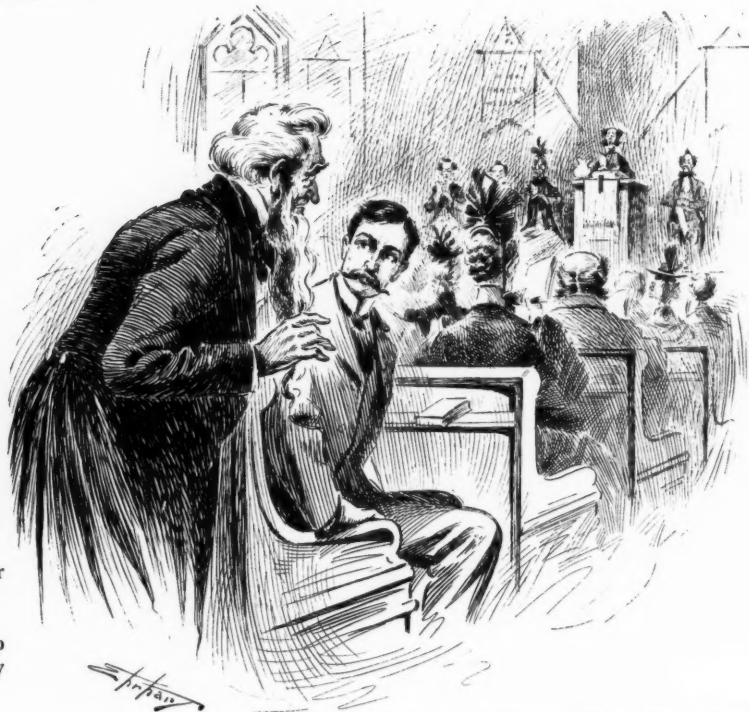
AMERICAN.—Sultan, I understand you have a great collection of curiosities.

SULTAN.—Not at all. When I marry a woman I break her of all that sort of thing.

THE PASSING SHOW  
—A Panorama.

WASHBOARDS SOME-  
TIMES keep better  
company than pianos.

HE WENT a-hunting for a wife  
As bravely as you please,  
And in the course of time he  
bagged—  
His trousers at the knees.



## A PROFESSIONAL REPRIMAND.

THE DEACON (at revival meeting).—My poor brother, are you prepared to die?

PARTY WHO HAS WANDERED IN (indignantly).—Say, why don't you drop business in a place like this? I'm a life insurance agent, myself; but I have never yet talked shop in church.



FROM EARLY morn in the gloomy court of the inquisition, a woman lay upon the rack, nor gave a sign of pain.

"Thou hast stood much," observed the torturer, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow.

The victim laughed lightly.

"Well, rather!" she returned. "I never in my life had a dress that was n't tried on three times before I would accept it."

SATAN.—Don't be frightened! That's the way they shout all the time.

NEW SHADE.—Oh! I thought they wanted me to shut the door.

POLITENESS is the small change of character.

QUOTH THE actress: "My photo  
No longer will sell  
For the price it commanded."—  
Her countenance fell.

## NOT ALL OF A KIND.

HORRIFIED ELDERLY GENT (in the tenement district).—Can it be, sir, that all those men, women and children with tin pails are going for beer?  
CORNEY, THE COPPER.—No, sir; some of them is goin' fer mixed ale.

FOR "CARTOONS AND COMMENTS," SEE SEVENTH PAGE.



## THE OLD, OLD STORY.



THE VIOLIN'S glad music  
Had died into the night.  
The room grew still and silent,  
The voice of laughter light  
Seemed hushed, for some spell had  
fallen,  
Some charm with a magic  
tone,  
And there, in the crowd-  
ed ball-room,  
She was listening to him  
alone.

She leaned o'er the balcony railing,  
So fair, 'neath the candles' gleam.  
And his words stirred far-off memories  
Of youth's bright, fleeting dream.  
And her cheeks were like crimson banners,  
Or the soft, red flush of the peach,  
As he told the old, old story—  
'T was an after-dinner speech!

Edward B. Reed.

## A GREAT HEAD.

"It is said that Fortune knocks once at every man's door," remarked Mr. Pensmith, the rising young author, to his wife, at the same time grasping his chin in a reflective manner between his thumb and forefinger, as one picks up a toad. "That being the case, it behooves the man to be at home when she knocks, and to recognize and admit her. Now, my dear, I believe the Good Dame is this moment standing on our threshold."

"Indeed?" replied his wife, who was no longer easily excited.

"I am sure of it!" returned Mr. Pensmith, briskly. "You know how fashionable it has become for a well-known author to describe in detail, at twenty-five dollars a column, how he came to write his most celebrated work? Well, I propose to contribute to one of the leading magazines an article describing the manner in which I composed my popular novel, entitled, 'The Gilded Mother-in-Law.'"



## NOT HOOKED.

FATHER (after family returns from Summer campaign).—The idea of Ethel being engaged to five men at one time. Why, confound it! She can't marry all of them.

MOTHER.—That's not what is bothering me. I'm afraid she'll not be able to marry any of them.



## HER OWN FAULT.

MISTRESS.—Bridget, I don't like your having these men in the kitchen. They are all strangers to me.

BRIDGET (pleasantly).—Stip insoide, thin, Mum, and Oi'll introjuice you.

"But you have written no such novel!" expostulated Mrs. Pensmith. "True," returned her husband; "but I shall do so as soon as I have finished the article telling how I came to write it. And that is where the opalescent refulgence of my scheme comes in. The novel will be finished and on sale within three weeks after the publication of the reminiscence. If I wrote the novel first, there would probably be no occasion for the reminiscence; but by writing the reminiscence first I create a boom for the novel. See? Now, my dear, it seems to me that if I can keep this thing up for a few years without arousing too much competition, our everlasting fortune will be made."

"Clarence!" chirped Mrs. Pensmith, beaming at her husband with fond eyes; "you have a great head!"

Tom P. Morgan.

## CRUELTY ENOUGH.

LAWYER.—If you can prove cruelty on your husband's part, Madam, it will be easy to get a divorce.

MRS. FOOTLITES.—Cruelty! Is n't it sufficient that he opposes my divorce, though he knows I'm going on the stage? It's too cruel for anything!

## A PRETTY FACE.

HUDSON.—Did your new typewriter come well recommended?

WAYNE.—No. I took her on her face value.

## AN EASY ONE.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER.—"HIS SPECIAL FEATURES." Willy, of what are we speaking when we say, "By their fruits ye shall know them"?

WILLY (scornfully).—Humph! Dagos. Give us a harder one!

## POINTED.

BENNICK.—This world is full of fools.

CYNIC.—Yes; and a funny thing about them is that they all seem to be onto one another.

CIRCUMSTANCES ARE such that many a man cares for relatives for whom he really cares nothing.





By H.C. BUNNER.

XI.

## A PLAIN GIRL.



MOST OF the novelists — at least, most of those novelists who deal in lustrous-eyed heroines, and in heroes running from "a little over the middle stature" to "six feet of manhood" — try to create the impression that the period of matrimonial engagement is a pleasant one. It is n't. It never was — at least, not to any properly constituted human beings. And why on earth should it be pleasant and to whom should it be pleasant? Let us take the case of the engagement of John Smith and Mary Jones. Their wedding-day is fixed. It is six months off, let us say. Now do you expect John Smith to be happy? It is true that he has the promise of his heart's desire, but a promise is one thing and a certainty is another. The only certainty he has is that it will be six months sure and certain before he gets his heart's desire; and during those six months he has got to see his heart's desire every day, and to curse each day that comes along before the wedding-day. Also, he has got to put in six months of solid reflection upon his own capabilities for supporting a wife, and possibly three or four younger persons.

And as for Mary Jones, her situation is even more uncomfortable. By all the laws of affection she is John's ownest own; and yet in reality she is n't anybody's own — not even her own self's own. Her parents have relinquished their claim to her, just enough to enable them to go about looking as if she had deserted them in a snow storm to run away with a disbeliever in revealed religion; and they keep enough authority over her to be as mean as conscientious parents can be whenever they get an opportunity. And few people can be meaner than a truly conscientious parent.

Here are presented a few of the facts which make the period of marital engagement anything but a happy time for the contracting parties. Any married couple who tell you that they had a good time when they were engaged either tell a sinful fib or prove that they are idiots of an extremely low organization; or else they are so old that they have forgotten all about it.

A young man — I do not vouch for the tale — who committed matrimony suddenly and without warning, showed that he had encountered a lady of experience by the excuse which he gave for his unconventional haste. "She said 'yes,'" he explained, "if I'd get a parson inside of one hour. 'Engagements,' she says, 'is mean.'"

But if all engagements are mean, an engagement that is exceptionally and peculiarly mean among engagements must be a very mean thing indeed — and that is just what Tom Littleburgh thought of *his* engagement.

Perhaps an outsider might have thought Tom's engagement even meaner than Tom thought it; for an outsider might not have seen the charm that Tom saw in the young lady who was to be Mrs. Tom. Mary Leyden was undeniably a plain girl. She was not ugly in the least; in point of fact, she had no feature that was open to criticism; but as a friend of hers once remarked, summing up her case critically and asthetically, as a good-looker Mary simply did n't get there. She was not by any means an unlovable girl; she was good and true and kind and intelligent and sensible; but in face and ways and manners she was just as plain as her plain Dutch name; and perhaps it was the Dutch blood in her that won Tom's heart, for it is a peculiar thing about the women of Holland that their attractiveness does not in the least depend upon their possession of handsome features. They have a wholesome, frank, amiable homeliness that is almost better than beauty in a way, for you feel that you could see it around for a lifetime without getting tired of it.

However that may have been, Tom wanted nothing better than to see Mary's face around all his lifetime, and that was what made his engage-

ment so miserable to him; for it lasted six months, and in all that time he only saw her for the space of twelve days, or, rather, for small fractional parts of the space of twelve days, and then under circumstances of an exasperating unpleasantness that will here be set forth.

Tom Littleburgh was an electrical engineer; and during the whole time of his engagement he was in charge of an important work of construction in a large town in New England. Mary Leyden was the only daughter of an ex-college professor who had given up his post for the more lucrative business of preparing young ladies for college.

It was in Florida in the Winter time that Tom had wooed and won Mary, and from the time that she said "yes" in January he had had no opportunity to see her until he managed to make a vacation for himself in August, when he arranged to see her at the ex-Professor's Summer home at Milford, Pennsylvania — to see her there; not to stay at the house and have unlimited opportunities of talking with her and walking with her and gloating over her generally; for he had to stay at a hotel, the Professor's house being full of young ladies in course of preparation for college.

Still, that was heaven enough for Tom. For twelve days — he had to lose a day coming and a day going — to see Mary, to look each day upon the plain face that lighted up for him with a love that was better than the best beauty in the world, was to Tom a dream of unspeakable delight. He had worked for it for months, he had thought of it by day and night, and when the long-expected hour came and he descended from the old-fashioned stage in front of the old-fashioned hotel he was half-mad with the delightful anticipation. But, like all lovers, he thought first of his looks. As a matter of fact, it is only when two people are

very much in love with each other that neither minds very much about the nice details of the other's appearance. When two people have been married for five or ten years it is most wise and desirable that they should take careful thought to the appearance which they present one to another, for about that time such things are liable to be noticed; but in the first flush of young love a girl may have a hat on crooked and a young man may have his hair mussed, and yet each may look beautiful exceedingly in the other's eyes, even when everybody else is wondering what he can see in her or what she can see in him. And why not? Whose business is it, anyway, except theirs?

Tom went to his room at the hotel and put on Summer clothes of great beauty and elegance. He brushed his hair and he tried to do something with his moustache, which did not happen to be a moustache that anything could be done with. Still, Tom surveyed it in the mirror as he tied his necktie, and was proud of it, and felt that so far as his unworthy self could be prepared for presentation to his lady, he was prepared. And so he marched off up the street to the Professor's house.

Every true lover's fancy outruns his journey to his appointed meeting. Tom had pictured to himself a quiet old-fashioned parlor with green blinds with the slats turned down, and vases of flowers variously disposed around,





# A "FLY MUG."

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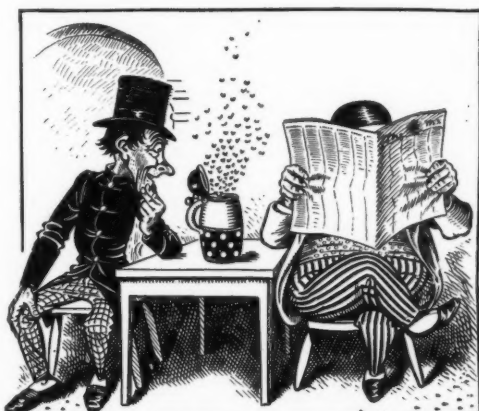
STOUT PARTY.—Confound these flies! One can hardly drink in peace.



STOUT PARTY.—I'll read my paper awhile; perhaps they'll go away.



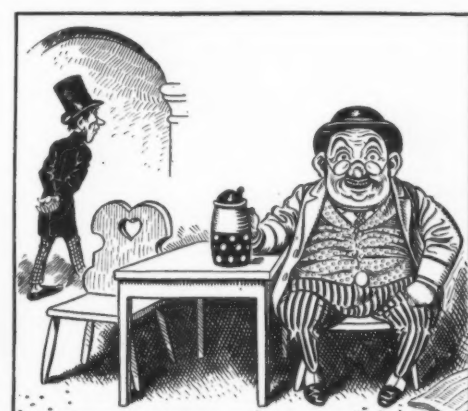
THIN PARTY.—Phew! This is the best beer I ever drank. I could go two like this.



THIN PARTY.—Them flies 'pears to like it, the way they goes in after the few drops as is left.



THIN PARTY.—I'll just close the lid down on them and trap them. My sportin' blood will allers come to the surface.



STOUT PARTY.—Ah! Just as I thought. Those flies are all gone. Now I can drink my beer with some satisfaction.

## A YEARNING FOR THE UN-ATTAINABLE.

WITH INSOMNIA sorely afflicted,  
The bedclothes I jumble and wrinkle  
Till sleep comes, and then I'm addicted  
To sleeping like old Rip Van Winkle.

My clock, with a jar that will haunt one,  
Awakes me each morning at seven;  
But, for use in the evening, I want one  
That will put me to sleep at eleven.

F. S. Bailey.

## WHAT 'S TRUMPS?

SHE WAS just learning to play poker. Careful coaching in the first part of the game had kept her "stack" intact. But now a gleam of triumph was in her eye, and she raised with the joyous artlessness that betokens one of those hands of miraculous magnitude, such as four aces and royal flushes, that come only to beginners and obnoxiously-inebriated individuals.

A more experienced player than the young man opposite would have passed. But he clung tenaciously, and saw each raise. Finally the last chip was staked at the call.

"Well, I have a full house! What have you?" asked the young man.

"Oh!" was the reply; "I have two of those cunning little two spots, a king, the six and seven of spades, and the ten of diamonds."

The young man sighed wearily, and raked in the pot.

"Anyway!" she cried triumphantly; "anyway, I held the big casino! So there, now!"

"WHEN SHE jilted you did you declare to her that you could never love another?"

"Oh, yes! I did n't forget my manners entirely."

UNCLE TREETOP (on seeing a telephone closet for the first time).—Lor', nevvie, nobody could 'a' made me believe you was a Spiritualist, ef I had n't 'a' seen the paraphernally in your own office.



STOUT PARTY.—For the love of heaven! I've heard of ravenous flies; but when they drink a whole mug of beer in five minutes, it beats the world.

## A COUNTER QUESTION.

STRANGER.—How much is it worth to draw up a will?

LAWYER.—How much are *you* worth?

## THE CULPRIT.

"Accidents will happen."  
"How did you come to do it?"

"WHAT'S THE matter?" asked the cabbage stump of the ice which was melting into tears in the gutter.

"Why," responded the ice, "they had me all ready to put into a cocktail and then threw me into the street."

"In other words," remarked the cabbage

stump, reflectively, "you are not what you were cracked up to be."

PILLAR.—The people complain that your sermons are too long.

CLERGYMAN.—Indeed!

PILLAR.—Yes. Only last Sunday the orchestra was compelled to omit two Chopins and an impromptu.

"HOW DID Dawkins look in his new rôle?"

"When I saw him he looked like a ham omelette."

ONE OF the greatest sorrows of age is that, with increasing years and experience, a man loses that blasé feeling which was such a pride and comfort to his youth.



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## A POSSIBLE CHANCE.

A social lion he would be;  
But it will never come to pass,  
Unless, perchance, Society  
Can make a lion of an ass.

## ANATOMIC LOVE.



SHE'S SUCH a dear materialist,  
That, when I asked her for her heart,  
A sneer she scarcely could resist,  
And with it quite refused to part.  
But at my woe she sweetly smiled,  
Cajoling as a woman will,  
Until my spirits were beguiled  
At finding that she loved me still.

"My heart is but a pump," she said,  
"And has no other use beside;  
Though by it constantly my head  
Is with the richest blood supplied.  
So, mayhap, from that heart you gain,—  
Though 't is an organ wholly mine;  
It may develop in my brain  
Some convolutions that are  
thine."

Roe L. Hendrick.

## NO MISNOMER.

IGNORAMUS. — How did  
England's great comic jour-  
nal come to be called *Punch*?

WISEACRE. — From the  
*modus operandi* of getting  
a joke into an Englishman's head.

## HIS MASCOT HARD BY.

LOSER. — By George! You must have had  
old Nick to back you in that speculation.

GAINER. — Well, are n't we taught to say,  
"Get thee behind me, Satan?"

## A BRIGHT OUTLOOK.

FRIEND (to struggling author). — Have you  
had any manuscripts accepted yet?

STRUGGLING AUTHOR. — No; but I feel  
quite encouraged. I forgot to enclose any stamps  
the other day, and the editor returned my manu-  
script at his own expense.



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## CONTEMPTIBLE CONTENTMENT.

ISAACS. — Vy is it dot Goldberg don't seem to have no friends  
no more? Nobody in der glub don't speak mit him.

COHEN. — He said the other night dot he would be satisfied mit  
a million.

## A CRIMINAL LAWYER.

FIRST LAWYER. — My experience is that a man is compe-  
tent to make his will even a few moments before dissolution.

SECOND LAWYER. — But your clients all die a violent death,  
don't they?

## NO LIMIT.

"How many figures has your income?"

"As many as you please — all alike."

## A SOUTHERN SONG OF THE SEASON.

CHINKAPINS, chinkapins, a-growin' in  
the wood,  
Muscadines, oh! sweet and ripe, and  
nigger feelin' good;  
Summer gone, Summer gone, water-  
millions, too,  
Are gettin' sca'ce as dey kin be; whut  
kin a darkey do?  
But hope de frost 'll hurry up and make  
persimmons fall  
An' bring aroun' hog-killin' time.

De  
Best  
Time  
Er  
All!  
R. L. M.



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## ANNOYINGLY CAREFUL.

HUSBAND (returning to grand stand from paddock). — Confound it!  
The horse we came down here especially to play has been scratched  
— it will not run.

WIFE (her first appearance). — Will not run it on account of a mere  
scratch? How aggravating! Why don't they put a piece of court  
plaster on it, and I 'll warrant the horse will be as good as ever!

JINKS. — There is one drawback to these self-made men that they usu-  
ally overlook.

FILKINS. — What is it?

JINKS. — They're seldom able to select their materials.





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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

### A GLORIOUS PRIVILEGE.

IT is supposed to be a free citizen's proudest prerogative that he has free and untrammelled choice between the candidates who solicit his vote. The citizens of New York State ought to feel this year a peculiar pride in their possession of this prerogative. At least, if they can feel any pride in it at all, it must be of a very peculiar nature. They have a choice between two candidates for the Governorship which must drive them according to their individual temperaments, either to profound reflection, or to the flipping of a copper cent.

And here is the problem that lies before the New York voter at the coming election. He must choose between the Republican machine with a Morton label and the Hill machine with a Democratic label. Neither one is at all what it professes to be. The Republican candidate represents neither the Republican Party nor himself, but the political trading business of Mr. T. C. Platt; a concern which has prospered exceedingly at the expense of the people of New York. The Democratic candidate represents not sort of Democracy save his own, which is the Democracy of the demagogue, the time-serving, ever-changing policy of a selfish and unscrupulous place-seeker. The Hon. Levi P. Morton is a nice, clean, old Republican gentleman, with a highly respectable career behind him, in which he has very successfully done nothing; with a pleasant and persistent smile, a large fortune and a simple, submissive obedience to the will of his political directors, which he hopes may some day land him in the Presidential chair. If he faithfully serves Mr. Platt's business interest, Mr. Platt may some day give him a recommendation to the Republican National Convention; and that recommendation may justly describe him as sober, honest, faithful, and of a most willing disposition. That is one-half of the voter's choice. He has the privilege, if he desires it, of voting for Mr. Platt, under the name of Levi P. Morton.

If he takes the other half of his choice he must vote for Mr. David Bennett Hill. Of Mr. Hill we can only say that, even if a gentle charity allowed us to substitute the word Democratic for Republican in describing him, we could not use one other syllable of the phrase we have used to sketch Mr. Morton's character—and yet it is not giving extravagant praise to a man to say that he is a gentleman, nice and clean and old. We do not wish to be churlish or stingy in our use of the English language, but it is not in our power to bestow any one of those four simple and commonplace words upon the candidate who is supposed to represent the Democratic Party in the State of New York.

Still, we desire to be fair and give Mr. Hill what credit we can. Therefore, let us give him credit for considerable courage in accepting the nomination of his party at this present juncture. Unless he has "fixed things" with Mr. T. C. Platt, his candidacy shows that he is possessed of remarkable nerve—the more particularly as it can not but be considered as a plain intimation to independent Democrats, in every state, that, in case he is successful, they must seriously consider the possibility of having to support him as the candidate of the next Democratic Convention for the President of the United States. And here ends the statement of the free and untrammelled choice of the New York voter. He may toss his penny or he may reflect. If he reflects and seriously considers the condition that partisan prejudice and politics for revenue only have at last brought him to, he may be spurred on to resuming, at an early date, some of the duties and functions of citizenship which he has long neglected. For, after all, if he had attended to his business as a citizen in the past, he might, at this present election, have a very different choice before him—a choice between two competent, able, faithful and public-spirited statesmen, neither of whom need be the

less a good and true servant of the people because of his affiliation with the political party of his preference. But such a state of things can not be possible while Mr. Hill and Mr. Platt divide the political business of the great and sovereign State of New York.

### DANGEROUS FAMILIARITY.

TAYLOR.—The Japanese seem to be getting along very well.

NAYLOR.—Yes. If they keep on, it may not be safe to call them "japs" much longer.

### A CHAMPION OF THE OPPRESSED.

HUDSON.—How is the campaign in Harlem?

JUDSON.—Lively. Our candidate for Assemblyman assaulted three janitors Saturday night, and everybody expects him to run 'way ahead of his ticket.

### LEARNING A NEW LANGUAGE.

O'RAFFERTY (of "de fist").—Phwat the divil be yez allus goin' into the back room by yersilf, Dinnis, an' yellin' like a rid injin thryin' ter spake Dutch, fer?

O'HOOIHAN.—Be dad, Mick, I'm thryin' ter git ont'er the new cry av "Hill and Reform!"

PATRIOTISM DOES not consist in boasting of the country's past, but in trying to make her future what it ought to be.

THE SUGAR bounty is a case of lingering sweetness too long drawn out.

WHEN THE office seeks the man it is usually the Central Office.

IT TOOK the income tax discussion to show that we would n't believe one another under oath.

"THAT COMES of not having a place for everything," as the politician remarked when the ward heelers threw him over.



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"WHOM THE GODS WOULD DESTROY THEY FIRST MAKE MAD."



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A DEAD FAILURE SO  
TRYING TO FIND A GUN THAT WILL DO FOR





URE SO FAR —  
WILL DO FOR THE COMING CAMPAIGN.

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and Mary waiting for him in a delightful semi-obscurity, and a subsequent extinction of all the natural laws of time until they two had got through with what they had to say to each other. Instead, he found his betrothed seated on the verandah of a very modern house in the company of seven other young ladies. She greeted him with a sincere but cool affection which was so strange and unexpected that it startled rather than depressed him. She let him take her a yard or two into the

hall, where he kissed her in a hurried, ready-made and generally unsatisfactory way, and then he found himself taken outside and introduced to all the seven girls. They were all young, they were all pretty: he did not want any one of them, and he would not have given the whole lot for Mary's little finger. But Mary not only took pains that he should know them all, but she went over all their first names, which she seemed to consider an interesting catalogue, though they seemed to Tom nothing out of the usual thing in the way of young womanish nomenclature. There were two Berties and a Gussie and an Annie and a Gladys—and there were others, much the same. And, as I have said, they were all pretty girls, but none of them was the plain

girl whom Tom Littleburgh wished to see more than all the girls in the world.

And yet, somehow, before five minutes had passed, Tom found that he was paying an afternoon call on eight young ladies, instead of upon one. There was no quiet, shady parlor with the golden sunlight just filtering through the half-closed blinds; no nice old horse-hair sofa with a kind of sag-down in the middle, that seemed to tumble two occupants together; no flowers, no romance, no nothing. There was a great sun-lit porch, seven girls whom he did not know, or want to know, and the beloved of his heart talking, like all the rest of them, on subjects he neither knew nor cared about. And so it went on until dinner-time came, and the ex-Professor came in and Tom had to go back to the hotel, solitary male guests not being invited to join at feeding-time in the Professor's dovecote.

Tom called again after dinner, and found the whole household assembled in the parlor of his prospective father-in-law. They were at the piano. There was a book with green paste-board covers on the piano, and from its faded pages they were singing "Shall We Gather at the River?" and "Ye Evening Bells." Thus painfully passed the time until the Professor arrived to give the signal for what he called "retirement."

As for Tom, he retired to his room and walked the floor until three o'clock in the morning. There was no man more amazed than he in the State of Pennsylvania, and there were few more indignant. He examined himself as to his conduct during his whole period of engagement, and he could not find that he had been remiss in the smallest particular. Indeed, there was not much room for doubt about the matter. He had not seen his sweetheart since a week after the day on which she had given herself to him; and so far as his letters were concerned, he had not missed a day, and if each letter had not breathed a little more devotion than the preceding one it certainly had not been his fault. Tom's intellect might have been commonplace, but he knew that it had been conscientiously worked to the fullest extent from week to week in devising modes of telling Mary that he loved her a great deal more than anybody else had ever loved anybody else. And yet, here was his first day at Milford gone and spent utterly; and he had had something like twenty-seven

seconds private conversation with Mary, and all the rest of the time he had had to share her society with seven Berties and Gussies and Annies, who might be as pretty as they pleased, but for whom he cared not a stiver.

The next morning Tom breakfasted early and hurried to the Professor's house. He found Mary not alone, it is true, for she was superintending operations in a little spring-house dairy, but certainly much more like the old Mary than she had seemed the day before. In fact, she was so simple and sweet and natural in her manner, so seemingly unconscious of having tried him in any way, that Tom's spirit was wonderfully soothed, and yesterday's perplexity began to fade from his memory. For a half-hour he chatted with her while she directed the work of two pretty bare-armed maids, and when the work was done and Mary was free, he followed her out into the sunshine in the confident belief that she was going to lead him to some favorite haunt near the bank of the little river, or under the great trees at the foot of the hill. She did nothing of the sort. She took him to a small class-room where Gussie and Annie and one of the Berties were studying, and got him to correct Greek exercises all the rest of the morning.

It was with something like grim desperation that Tom asked her, as he left, to take a drive with him that afternoon; but when she cheerfully consented he brightened up and determined to get the narrowest buggy he could find. He got it and was at the Professor's house promptly at two o'clock. Mary greeted him, placid, candid, unruffled, and told him in a most matter-of-fact way that she

was very sorry, indeed, but she could not go with him; that one of the inmates of the household had been taken with sudden illness and required her attention. Furthermore, she asked if, since he had the horse and carriage, he would mind driving Gussie over to see her aunt at Dingman's Ferry. He drove Gussie to Dingman's Ferry. Gussie was a little thing with golden hair and bright blue eyes and a creamy complexion, but for all Tom noticed of her she might have been a red-headed mulatto. Gussie subsequently referred to him as "that silent gentleman who grinds his teeth while he drives."

(Concluded in our next.)

#### HER OPPORTUNITY.

The Madagascan damsel's eyes shone with delight.

"Papa, are you sure?" she eagerly demanded.

The tall, dark man whom she addressed, nodded.

"Yes," he said positively; "there was but one box washed ashore, and it certainly contains cigarettes."

"Now—"

She could scarcely restrain herself in her ecstasy.

"—I'll just show those Caffir girls, who think they are so chic!"

SOUL (oft - wed).—Is this where marriages are made?

ST. PETER.—Certainly.

SOUL.—And it is the only place?

ST. PETER.—Of course.

SOUL.—I suppose it is only natural to get careless where there is no competition.

A GREAT DEAL of the typhoid we hear of comes from the water we put in our whiskey.



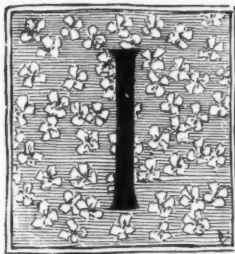
#### ALL ABROAD.

LORD DELIVEROS.—Why is it the American colony heah cuts its compatriot, Mr. Gettit Easy?

HOUSTON BLEEKER (of New York).—Why, it's notorious that he made his money in the green goods business.

LORD DELIVEROS (much surprised).—Deah me! I thought you Americans nevah discriminated against one who made his money in twade!





### A LITTLE BOOK.

PICKED it out among the lot  
Of scattered books upon the stand;  
Half-worn, untreasured and forgot —  
Something impelled, I knew not what,  
As I their dusty titles scanned  
To pick it out among the lot  
Of books for sale at second-hand.

"Love Poems" was the only word  
In faded gilt upon the cover;  
The same sweet songs our mothers read  
Of skies and flowers and lilting bird —  
It was a nice discover  
To read the lyrics that had stirred  
A real old-fashioned lover.

"Old-fashioned!" — that had slipped the pen;  
Forgive the word I've written.  
Lovers to-day are much as then,  
Maidens are maidens, men are men,  
And girls' hearts will be smitten  
While love shall last; and, again,  
Why — lovers get the mittens.

Whose was the book? No name appears  
Upon the stained fly-leaf.  
Here is a mark, there stains of tears,  
And here a corner turned "dog-ears" —  
That is all; a little sheaf  
Of lovers' verse of other years,  
Like seaweed on the counter's reef.  
*James Westfall Thompson.*

### THE PRESENT WAS THE FUTURE.

PRIMUS. — Humph! Before you were married did you never  
sit in the twilight with your sweetheart and dream of the future?

SECUNDUS. — No. I sat with her some, but I don't remember  
the nightmares.

### WIDE OF THE MARK.

If, as is said, it's woman's aim  
To purify the state,  
She'd better bull's-eye something else —  
She never can shoot straight.

*H. J.*



### TOO MUCH EXERTION.

DUSTY RHODES. — Go up to dat house; she's liberal.  
WEARY WALKER. — Yes; she's liberal enough, but she makes you walk  
all the way round to de kitchen to git what she gives yer!

### A FAMILY HISTORIOGRAPHER.

"Needham is writing the genealogy of his family. He wants to  
throw the Williamsons in the shade."

"They begin with the Normans in theirs."

"Yes; but he has a chapter on anthropoid apes in his."

LAWYER. — What did he say next?

WITNESS. — He said no lawyer was d — n fool enough to take our  
case.

LAWYER. — Then what did you do?

WITNESS. — We engaged you.



### THE REASON.

COUNTRY COUSIN (*visiting in the city*). — Well, there's sense in  
this rule, anyhow?

CITY COUSIN. — What is it, Jay?

COUNTRY COUSIN. — Why, this book on etiquette says that a gen-  
tleman should always retire from the parlor backwards. That's so  
they can't git a chance to kick him, I guess.

### AN UNREASONABLE PUBLIC.

CLERK. — Mr. Blinks was just in to say that you had n't  
sent a man up to fix his pipes.

PLUMBER. — He's about the fortieth man to come in  
with that story to-day. I wonder if people think we have  
n't anything to do but sit here and listen to complaints.

THE PESSIMIST is a person whose mind is divided be-  
tween the belief that things are as bad as they can  
be, and the expectation that they will be worse.

### PREMONITION.

IT'S HARDLY near Thanksgiving yet,  
But the coachman and the groom  
Have smiles upon their faces set  
And briskly ply the broom;  
The mews are cleanly kept again,  
The carriage comes on time;  
Small errands neither now disdain,  
And patience show sublime.  
The butler, maid and errand boy,  
The captious cook, as well,  
No longer strive now to annoy —  
But I can guess the spell  
That turns our "help" to jewels all  
From first when Jack Frost nips —  
They're training all, both great and small,  
For coming Christmas tips.



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THE man with the alcoholic breath always takes something for it.—*Adams Freeman.*

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"AMERICA'S GREATEST RAILROAD."

### A LONG DRAWN OUT GAME.

NEW YORK BOY (*visiting in Rhode Island*).—What shall we play?

RHODE ISLAND BOY.—Let's try something new. Let's play golf.

NEW YORK BOY (*hesitatingly*).—I'm afraid this State is n't long enough.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

"JEHIEL," said Mrs. Jason, "that there old Dominecker hen took to crowin' to-day. I want you to cut her head off. It's bad luck to have a crowin' hen about the place."

"Not much I won't!" returned Mr. Jason; "I'll take her over and sell her to that woman's right female that is a-boardin' at Mrs. Thompson's. I bet I get as much as ten dollars."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

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# Rye or Bourbon

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THE E. L. ANDERSON DISTILLING CO., Box No. 1600. Newport, Kentucky.



### A SERIOUS COMPLICATION.

STRIKER.—Phwat's that yeh soy? You hov shopped takin' in washin'?

WIFE.—Sure, Oi hov thot. It's not me wull be wor-ekin' phwin me own husband is on shtrouke. Sure, Oi shtrouke, too,—out av sympathy fer yez.

MOTHERS BE SURE AND USE MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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### A CONVERSATION AT THE CLUB.

TOM (*utterly blasé*).—After all, fellows, it is but too true that there is nothing new under the sun. A man fixes up an old fact with some older fancy, and this is hailed as "originality."

DICK (*cheerfully*).—Well, I can tell you of something new!

HARRY (*dolefully*).—You'll spout poetry. There are only three subjects in poetry. Love, Death and Gold. They've all been sung of in every phrase.

DICK.—No; neither of you guess it.  
TOM.—Do not spring electricity on us. The ancient Egyptians had telephones in their temples. Nor dynamite, the Chinese had all sorts of explosives aeons ago.

DICK (*quietly*).—No, boys; the one new thing of which I speak is The Club Cocktails.

HARRY (*enthusiastically*).—Yes! I had forgotten. Oh, there is something new under the sun at last! There is originality! From them let the poet live in new thoughts, the painter limn in newer ideas, the architect conceive grander forms for the modern renaissance. For in them are inspiration.

TOM.—And I'm inspired. Mine's Vermouth. What'll you fellows have?

DICK.—Martini or Manhattan; either one.

HARRY.—As for me, waiter, bring a York; the dry and delicious cocktail all unsweetened, and the newest of the new.

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are sold at less than one-sixth of its first cost. Get the genuine with this signature in blue:

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### ANOTHER VICTIM.

CONDUCTOR.—What's the matter with you?

SLEEPING CAR PORTER.—I've had twenty-five silver dollars shoved off on me dis mornin'.—*Texas Siftings.*

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ALICE.—What makes you think so?

"I let Tommy go over to play, and he said her parrot could n't swear any more than a chicken."—*Inter Ocean.*

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### THE SILVER LINING.

FATHER (angrily).—What! Our Mary has secretly married an English nobleman with four hundred thousand dollars' worth of debts? Why did she not wait until she got my consent?

MOTHER.—She did it for economy sake, dear. She married him as soon as possible, as he was piling up debts at the rate of ten thousand a month.

COOK'S IMPERIAL. World's Fair "highest award, excellent champagne; good effervescence, agreeable bouquet, delicious flavor."

Impure water, the cause of so much ill health, is made harmless by adding a little Angostura Bitters. Manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. At all druggists.

### TIME IS SHORT.

"Make those ads. short and crisp, Jones," said the boss of the department store. "People have to wait so long for their change nowadays that they haven't much time to read long-winded advertisements."—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

### CLASSES EVERYWHERE.

MOTHER.—Why don't you play with that nice little boy across the street?

SMALL SON.—Us boys is boycottin' him.

MOTHER.—Why, what for?

SMALL SON.—He does n't freckle.

—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

### RIVAL BELLES.

HE.—Have you met Miss Richgirl?

SHE.—Once or twice.

HE.—Pretty sharp, is n't she?

SHE.—I should say so. One has to keep away from her elbows.

—*N. Y. Weekly.*

THERE are some preachers who only appear to work at their trade one day in the week.—*Ram's Horn.*

If the governor of Kansas was paid for the abuse he receives, he would get a million a year.

—*Atchison Globe.*

### JUST SO.

"Man wants but little here below,"  
And is not hard to please;  
But every woman that I know  
Wants everything she sees.—*Truth.*

THE hardest work women have to do is trying to make a man out of some men.—*Atchison Globe.*

IF YOU look through the papers you will learn that this is about the best time of the year to lay in coal. How satisfactory it is to look at the well-filled bin, and know that you have enough to keep you warm all Winter, and preclude the necessity of wearing your overcoat, the piano-cover and the Turkish rugs on your bed at night. The coal brings to your mind the long merry Winter evenings punctuated by the popping of corn and the gurgle of cider. We can see the family drawn around the glowing fire in the parlor when everything is so silent that you could hear a hat-stand fall. And we can hear the faltering old accents of the tottering white-haired grandfather as he reads to the family circle from PICKINGS FROM PUCK. Price twenty-five cents.



**FREE!** A Solid Gold Filled American Hunting Case Elgin Style Watch and a Set of Silverware, FREE. We want your trial order for 100 of our full sized 4 1/2 in. HAVANA PERFECTOS STRAIGHT TEN CENT CIGARS. To introduce this brand we will send you, FREE a 14k. Solid Gold filled Elgin style Hunting case Watch, and a handsomely lined case containing 6 knives and 6 forks, hand-engraved, guaranteed by Sterling Silver Plate Co. We will send Watch, Silverware and 100 Cigars in one package, to any part of the United States, C. O. D. \$9.50. Remember we don't send a cheap open face watch. We positively affirm that we send a hunting case, elegantly engraved, full jeweled, gold filled watch with a 20 year guarantee, as handsome as any solid gold watch; either ladies' or gents' size. When you see it you will say that we are correct in making this statement. The Watch and Silverware, if bought at retail, would cost you \$25 to \$30 alone. It costs you nothing—why? Simply because we are strictly in the Cigar business and are the largest Cigar Dealers in America, and make you this offer solely to introduce our brand. You have nothing to risk and all to gain, therefore order. Cut this out, return it to us with your full name and address and we will immediately express you the Cigars, Watch and Silverware for examination. After examining everything, if satisfactory, pay the agent \$9.50 for all; otherwise don't pay. Instead of the silverware you can have a Five Shooter 32 or 38 calibre double action Smith & Weston Cartridge Revolver. Address in full, RIVERSIDE CIGAR CO., Dept. J, No. 178 Greenwich St., N. Y.

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When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

"How did Officer Dolan get the silver medal he wears?"

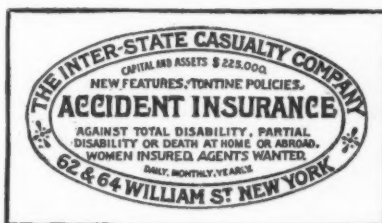
"It was for bravery."

"What did he do?"

"Walked by three fruit stands without taking anything."—*Inter Ocean.*

### "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away."

The truthful, startling title of a book about No-tobac, the only harmless guaranteed tobacco-habit cure. If you want to quit and can't, use "No-tobac." Braces up nicotineized nerves, eliminates nicotine poisons, makes weak men gain strength, weight and vigor. Positive cure or money refunded. Sold by Book at druggist, or mailed free. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago office, 45 Randolph St.; New York, 10 Spruce St.



DE has-beens and de goin'-to-be's am mighty moh numerous in dis worl' dan de ams.

—*Dawes County Journal.*

THE ballet girls of New York have formed a Union. It is said they have excellent support.

—*Norristown Herald.*





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ALL GARMENTS ARE ACCOMPANIED WITH OUR WRITTEN GUARANTEE, BINDING OURSELVES FOR ONE YEAR THAT THEY WILL PROVE SATISFACTORY.

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Handsome Passenger Train in the World.

This is the popular verdict on the Pennsylvania Limited, and one who sees the train now in the brightness and freshness of its new equipment will fully endorse it. The new cars, the compartment car just introduced and the other distinctive features, make it the most luxurious train in the world, and the only perfectly appointed Limited Express. It leaves New York at 10:00 A. M. every day, for Chicago.

### JACK AND JILL.

Jack and Jill went up the hill  
To get a pail of water—  
But the things they said when  
they fell down  
They really had n't oughter.  
—Cincinnati Tribune.

### ENOUGH TO SUPPORT.

SHE.—I am afraid there is no hope.

HE.—Eh! What did your father say when you told him that I wanted to marry you?

SHE.—He said he could n't afford it.—New York Weekly.

He has a terrible cold,  
Yet he scorns the doctor's calls;

He don't want to get well, for  
his clothes all smell  
Of the awful camphor balls.  
—Inter Ocean.

### PAID IN KIND.

"Look here," said the proprietor of the lunch establishment; "this coin has a hole in it."

"Well," replied Meandering Mike, "so had the doughnut ye sold me."

And he strode haughtily on.  
—Washington Star.

### ANOTHER EXPOSURE.

MOTHER (after the wedding).—Horror! I'm afraid Clara has made an awful mistake. Her affianced looked young, and had excellent credentials; but I do believe he's an impostor and has been married dozens of times before.

FRIEND.—Goodness! It can't be.

MOTHER.—But did you see him? At the altar he did n't drop the ring, or stumble over his own feet, or act like a half-witted donkey a bit. He's a fraud, and I know it. *New York Weekly.*

### WELL MATED.

FIRST ANARCH.—They tell me that our orator's wife makes her living by taking in washing.

SECOND ANARCH.—Yes; she makes her living by washing and blueing, and he makes his by not washing, and blowing.—*Cincinnati Tribune.*

An Atlanta man advertises to "teach the whole poetry business for \$5 per quarter." This is not calculated to help on the anti-lynching movement in the South.—*Albany Argus.*

THE POPULAR FRENCH TONIC

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## VINO DE SALUD (WINE OF HEALTH.)

There are few constitutions which have not suffered from the long, hot depressing Summer with its attendant business worry, and happy is he who does not need a tonic to brace him up for the Fall Campaign. But since so many require a wine tonic, it is most fortunate that one so delicious and invigorating as *Vino de Salud* is obtainable.

Ask your druggist for it, and write for booklet to

ROCHE & CO., Importers, 503 Fifth Ave., New York.



### A LITTLE TIME NEEDED.

"Will you be mine, Ada, dear?"  
"This so sudden, Edwin! You must give me a little time."  
"How much, dearest?"  
"Just until I can call Mama in to witness your proposal. She is waiting in the next room."

### REMEDIES NOT WANTED.

BOBBY.—There's a man down at the corner sellin' something to cure every sort of ache or pain. Let's tell Mama about it.

JOHNNY.—No, don't. She'll be stoppin' our school headaches with it.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

### THEY ARE BETROTHED.

"I fear you are forgetting me,"  
She said in tones polite.

"I am indeed for getting you;  
That's why I came to-night."  
—*Detroit Free Press.*

### CRITICISM.

SHE.—I like her writings very much, indeed. She may be rather "modern," perhaps, but she clothes her ideas in such beautiful language!

HE.—Um—er—yes; but so décolleté, don't you know.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE Georgia 'possum hangs ripe and within easy reach. So cheer up, and keep in the middle of the swamp!—*Atlanta Constitution.*



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is directed to the facts about

## EVANS' India Pale Ale and Brown Stout

They are brewed from the highest grade Malt and Hops obtainable, and pure spring Water. They never vary in quality. They are allowed two years in the wood to ripen before bottling, to insure prime condition. They are absolutely free from false ferment and harmful acidity, and contain no sediment. Lastly they are bottled by improved methods at the Brewery.

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## HAY-FEVER

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### THE AFTER-DINNER SMOKE.

My sweet old pipe! A censor, you,  
From you the fragrant clouds arise  
In which the future bright I view  
Through dreamily contented eyes.

What matter, though in work-day strife  
I meet with trials that vex the soul,  
There is some comfort yet in life  
While sparks still smoulder in your bowl.

Fair faces then of those I love,  
And fondest day-dreams come in crowds;  
The sordid schemes of life above,  
Again I live among the clouds.

Again I see my hopes fulfilled,  
My dreams come true, my ships come in—  
With higher aims and faith instilled,  
I courage gain to do and win.

A soft sweet languor comes and soothes  
With dreamy consciousness of joy,  
Fills all the soul with balm and smooths  
Away all sorrow and annoy.

Ah! they who rail at thee, forsooth,  
They little know the pleasure keen  
Of thee, solace of age or youth,  
Beneficent St. Nicotine!

The fittest incense to be burned at the shrine of St. Nicotine is "YALE MIXTURE."

### A NEAR APPROACH.

LITTLE GIRL.—Did you ever dream of being in heaven?

LITTLE BOY.—No; not exactly; but I dreamt once that I was right in the middle of a big apple dumpling.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

### BEFORE IT DEVELOPS.

FOND MOTHER.—Yes, sir; I have a little fellow who is only ten, and yet he writes beautiful poetry.

OLD EDITOR.—Well, there's some hope for 'em when you catch 'em young; you can whip it out of 'em easier then!—*Atlanta Constitution.*

AFTER a man has been sick a day, he begins to wonder that people don't remark the look of patient suffering in his eyes.  
—*Atchison Globe.*

SOME of the Lord's shepherds try the hardest to keep the sheep that are fat.  
—*Ram's Horn.*

SOME of the fruits of "protection" are those the policeman appropriates from the vendor.  
—*Omaha World-Herald.*

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C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner, 212 State St. Chicago.

### A COMPROMISE.

WIFE. - I've got to have some money and some new clothes and some shoes and a hat and a wrap.

HURBIE. - Gracious! You don't have to have all that, do you?

WIFE (studying a minute). - Well, I'll compromise on the money. - *Detroit Free Press.*

THE State campaign is remarkably free from bitterness. All the candidates seem to have passed through the sugarcane district. - *Atlanta Constitution.*

THE sure way for a pugilist to get out of a fight appears to be to create an impression that he is really anxious for an encounter. - *Washington Star.*

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### THE ROYAL ROAD.

DONOVAN. - Casey, phwat med ye take yer bye from school and put him to tinding bar in Costigan's?

CASEY. - Phwat was the use of his washting his toime? The bye is ambitious to be an Aldherman, and I t'ought to give him iverly chance.

### A NEW PROFESSION.

BAGGS. - I understand that your brother got his sheepskin last week.

JAGGS. - Yes; he is now a wheel-wright.

BAGGS. - A wheel-wright?

JAGGS. - Yes; he is attending physician in an insane asylum. - *Buffalo Express.*

EVERETT WREST. - This paper says whiskey kin be made of sawdust.

LAYMAND SOWRE. - I wonder ef it would be any disgrace fer a gent to saw wood ef he knowed whiskey would be made from the dust? - *Cincinnati Tribune.*

A SQUARE meal will sometimes set an all-round man straight. - *Inter Ocean.*

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THE genuine Summer Girl is now a "brownie." - *Omaha World-Herald.*

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He had read how girls will snub you,  
How their fathers boot and drub you;  
So, although for long he'd loved her, yet till now he had hung back.



And, surprised and agitated,  
He stood still and hesitated  
When the maid received him kindly — and of smiles she had no lack.



And their walking home was pleasant,  
Things were well, then, for the present,  
But he trembled when she told him that her father was *within*.



But that father feared received him  
With much joy, and he believed him  
When he said, "My boy, you're welcome! on a cigar now begin."



"And you'll find that punch a dandy, —  
Or, Mother, bring the brandy —  
It may be that the young man prefers it neat, instead."



And 't was but a short time after,  
When, with winks and subdued laughter,  
The old folks bid good-night to him and went upstairs to bed.



Still he'd read in comic papers  
How girls' parents cut up capers,  
And 't was only by much coaxing that he stayed that time till late.



Thus it was by chance he found out  
What he'd missed through these gibes ground out,  
And till morn he smashed in windows, just to satisfy his hate.